

door-steps, sills of windows and frames, door-jambs, pilasters, columns, cornices, pediments on all the façades in profusion, and everywhere perfectly bright and clean; indeed, the pavement is kept too much in a slop by the brass squirts and plug hoses constantly washing windows and steps, forming, in winter, famous slides for the boys, and break-neck affairs for the rest of the citizens.

Then, again, most of the streets have rows of trees on each side; but here, too, as in all their cities, no park, no gardens, no walks; two or three squares full of trees are the only lungs left. The old State-house-square still remains, and becomes precious; and so is the Washington-square near it, where those beautiful creatures, the grey squirrel, are seen gambolling, undisturbed by schoolboys and scamps, who would soon settle them with us. I often took them chesnuts, and amused myself watching their playful hide-and-seek round the trunks of the trees. I think this tells in favour of the American juveniles; they may, indeed, be watched sharper than ours in public places, but it is certain our boys, from our Eton to our ragged-school tribe, grow up with no inculcated idea of humanity or feeling for any living thing, on four legs or two. They torment, kill, and destroy all they can, or amuse themselves, in default, at the sport of tormenting or punching each other.

All the seaboard cities have been so often described, and our cousins so often criticised, that although I jot down a few thoughts and impressions, the very last which reaches us, I am not sure that I shall say anything, beyond marking the change which is taking place in men and things, even more striking than among ourselves. No people are more volatile in fashions. Even here, in this drab-coloured domain, broad hats, straight collars, and hooks and eyes, have quite disappeared. The Quaker women alone (as with ourselves) sticking to their drab silk bonnet, with all its primitive ugliness. Nor would the young ones be "read out of meeting" if they appeared in Chesnut-street in all the last feather and lace and velvet fashions. Among the young fellows, moustachios, imperials, Kossuth hats, paletôts, and all sorts of extravagant plaids and rainbow ties confront one. Everywhere dissent from the "Established Church" splits itself up all over the States into hundreds of sects unknown in England. The Quakers are nobodies, if old—nay, old folks, no matter what their belief, chapel, or church, all fathers and mothers are nobodies. I should say, of all places on the face of the earth, grey hairs are least honoured in the United States. They are scarcely masters in their own houses from the moment the young ones are full fledged. But first let me observe the face of the material world here—town and